The News-Herald.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1886.

HILLSBORO. : : : OHIO.

A SONG OF SERVITUDE.

This is a song of serfs that I have made:
A song of sympathy in grief and joy.
The old and young, the proud and the betrayed,
All, all must serve, for all must be obeyed.

There are no tyrants but the serving ones,
There are no servants but the ruling men:
The Captain conquers with his army's guns,
But he himself is conquered by his sons.

What is a parent but a daughter's slave,
A son's retainer when the lad is ill?
The great Creator loves the good and brave,
And makes a flower the spokesman of a grave.

The son is servant in his father's halls;
The daughter is her mother's maid-of-work.
The wren must answer when the robin calls;
And earth must take the raindrop when it falls.

There are no "ups" in life; there are no "downs;"
For "high" and "low" are words of like degree;
He who is light of heart when Fortune frowns,
He is a king, though nameless in the towns.

None is so lofty as the sage who prays,
None so un-high as he who will not kneel.
The breeze is servant to the summer days,
And he is bowed to most who most obeys.

These are the maxims that I take to heart;
Do thou accept them, reader, for thine own
Love well thy work; be truthful in the mart,
And foes will praise thee when thy friends depart.

None shall upbraid thee, then, for thine estate,
Or show thee meaner than thou art in truth.
Make friends with death; and God, who is so great,
He will assist thee to a nobler fate.

None are unfit to serve; none on their knees
Unfit to pray, when sound the bells of doom.
The flowers are servants to the pilgrim bees,
And wintry winds are tyrants of the trees.

All things obey; all things incur a debt;
And all must pay the same, or soon or late.
The sun will rise betimes, but he must set;
And man must seek the laws he would forget.

There are no truants in the universe,
No false accounts, no treachery, no contempt.
The work we do, the good things we rehearse,
Are boons of nature basely named a curse.

"Give us our daily bread!" the children pray,
And mothers plead for them, while thus they speak.
But "Give us work, O, God!" we men should say,
That we may gain our bread from day to day.

'Tis not alone the crown that makes the King;
'Tis service done, 'tis duty to his kind.
The lark that soars so high is quick to sing,
But proud to yield subservience to the spring.

And we who serve ourselves, whate'er befall—
Ourselves and those we need, and those we love—
Dare we forget, at joy or sorrow's call,
The service due to God, who serves us all?

—*Eric Mackay, in N. Y. Independent.*

A QUIXOTIC FANCY.

How It Was at Last Quite Dispelled.

I thought her the most beautiful woman in the world. I worshiped her with a passionate girlish adoration that can only be comprehended by those who have had a like experience to my own. How it came about that an intimacy should have sprung up between the fashionable Mrs. Dalyel, of Dalyel Court, Warnshire—a Frenchwoman by birth, but now the widow of a wealthy Englishman—and my small insignificant self, will be seen by the conversation which took place the morning after I arrived on a visit to her at Bath. We were sitting in a private room of the Grand Hotel, overlooking the busy thoroughfare of Stall street, and were watching with a melancholy interest the numerous Bath chairs with their sad-eyed occupants passing in endless succession to and fro. Contrasting the lot of these poor sufferers with my own, my heart overflowed at the thought of all Mrs. Dalyel had done for me, and turning to her I tried to express in a few broken words some of the gratitude I felt. She silenced me at once. "Dear Lucy," she said in her musical voice, with the slight touch of foreign accent which gave to her speaking such a charm: "dear Lucy, after all what is it that I have done! Why, truly nothing! You exaggerate the facts, my child. I was in London for the season, and, like others of my friends, I took the pottery craze, and joined a class at Powell and Storm's. You taught that class, and I took a wonderful liking to my charming little teacher. The other day a celebrated physician spoke to me extollingly of Bath. I decided at once to come here—as a preventive rather than a cure, for, thank heaven, my health is excellent. I came, but found it dull; oh! so dull. Then suddenly remembering that your holidays were now going on, I wrote inviting you to join me here. In short, I wanted you to amuse me, Lucy. You owe me no thanks for that."

"My poor father——" I began.

"He was ill, blind, dying, when I knew you first. That accounted for your poor little white face and oft-times tearful eyes. You had to toil and slave to earn money, that he might not want for necessaries. When I learned this my heart bled for your trouble, and I—who had more money than I could spend upon myself—gave you some of it for him. I sent also a little fruit, a little wine, a doctor. Ah! I believe he was a little doctor too! Say, was it not so!"

"Dear Mrs. Dalyel, do you count it nothing that you made my father's last days happier, that you gave him what all my loving toil could not procure! My gratitude——"

"Pshaw! Child, speak not of gratitude. It consists but in the name. It is the rarest——"

"But mine——" I protested.

"Ah, yours will doubtless bear fruit such as the world has never known. It will enable you to move mountains—to give up kingdoms for my sake."

"Why do you laugh!" I asked, much pained. "Since I can remember any thing I have lived only for my father—and my art. From to-day I shall live for something more; to prove to you that there is such a thing as gratitude."

"Dear little enthusiast!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalyel, with a laugh. "Then be it so. Convert me to your belief as quickly as you will. But see how the morning passes. I must go and drink the water."

A few moments later we crossed the street and passed under the colonnade to the pump-room where Mrs. Dalyel took her glass of water from an attendant and sat down at one of the small tables within the cordon, signing to me to do the same. Though every thing was new to me, I glanced but carelessly about the room, at the well known statue of Beau Nash, the King of Bath, at the anxious faces of the water drinkers. I sought for something else, and found it soon in the shape of a white board bearing in large black characters the words: "To the Roman Baths," on which also was a hand with index finger pointing out the route. It was there I had promised to meet Horace, but what excuse could I frame for leaving Mrs. Dalyel! Happily none was needed, for at that moment she happened to look up, and her eyes following mine, she said:

"No need to sit here all the time with me, dear child. Go down and see the newly-discovered Roman Baths. I have seen them once; for me that was enough. In half an hour you can rejoin me here."

I thanked her with a somewhat guilty conscience and left her lingeringly. On passing out of the pump-room I found myself in a narrow passage with doors on either side. Presently I came to a small spiral staircase which brought me to a vaulted corridor hot with the fumes of Baths; then, descending a steep wooden ladder I emerged suddenly into the open air on to the scene of the recent excavations. The hot August sun poured down his intensest rays from a heaven unflecked by cloud. Around lay heaped, in picturesque confusion, frieze and capital and column. I glanced momentarily at the few persons inspecting the ruins, but all were strangers to me. I paused on the broad stone steps laid there by our mighty conquerors sixteen centuries before, and gazed down into the dark waters of the bath. Presently a little pebble, so small it scarcely caused a ripple, was flung into the water close to me. Guessing it to be a signal, I turned instantly in the direction whence the pebble came and stepped out of the sunshine into the shadow of some vaulted masonry. There before an easel stood the "one man in the world to me." He drew me to him in the shade, the large canvas on the easel forming a friendly screen before us. He looked into my eyes, and kissed my lips; and I—what wonder that my pulses throbbed, and that my heart beat high with happiness! My short life, hitherto so weighted with care, seemed bathed in sunshine now.

"I may tell Mrs. Dalyel our secret!" I asked Horace as we were about to part to meet again on the same spot next day.

"No, Lucy," he said, "not yet; but soon." And as his will was mine I agreed to keep the secret of my engagement yet a little longer.

Three days went by, three happy days; for each morning I met my lover at our chosen and apparently safe trysting place. But on the fourth, as we sat in our cool retreat, I saw to my inexpressible dismay the tall and graceful figure of Mrs. Dalyel crossing leisurely the open space before us. Horace, whispering me to sit still, rose, altered quickly and dexterously the position of his easel—so that while it still served as a screen to me, he himself stood out in the sunshine—then took up his brush and palette and began to paint. Mrs. Dalyel saw him instantly, and I was struck with the look that came into her face on doing so. It was unmistakably one of recognition and of startled, glad surprise.

"Mr. Lorenzo!" she exclaimed, when she had come quite close to him. Horace raised his hat, but apparently did not see the outstretched hand.

"No doubt you are surprised to find me here, Mrs. Dalyel," he said. "I left Rome about a month since and came to London. I ran down here because——" The pause he made appeared significant.

"You knew that I was in Bath! You came to seek me!"

Her voice was so soft and low, it thrilled me. What a revelation it contained. Scarcely breathing, I awaited his reply.

"Here is my excuse," he answered, evasively, calling attention to his work. "You see I am painting a picture of this place. I am building up these ruins as they may have been in the golden days of their glory, and peopling them with figures of the past."

"The past!" she echoed. "O, at seeing *you* again, I can think but of *one* past. The time, five years ago. The scene, Rome. The actors, you and myself. Have you quite forgotten, Lorenzo!"

"I have forgotten nothing," he answered, in the hardest, bitterest tones I ever heard; and he continued to paint vigorously, while Mrs. Dalyel, from beneath the shadow of her deep lace-bordered parasol, watched him with a feverish look in her fine dark eyes.

"Since we parted, Mr. Lorenzo," she said gently, "I have seen your name rise gradually to fame. Fortune has been kind to you, whilst I——"

"Whilst you are as handsome as ever; as rich, and I trust as happy." She laughed, a little disdainfully, it seemed.

"You judge by appearances," she said. "To tell you the truth, I am most greatly changed."

"Not in my eyes, at least," he answered, in deep, concentrated tones that made me shiver and turn cold. Then she bent her proud head close to his—so close—and spoke rapidly a few words that I could not hear. But he drew back, and to all appearance irrevalently asked: "You are not alone here, Mrs. Dalyel!"

"No. I have with me a little protegee; a young girl whom I have taken up."

"Another whim of the moment!" he asked, bitterly.

"What would you!" she returned, with a slight shrug and her most pronounced French manner. "We idle women who have no ties—we take what you English call 'a craze' for this or that——"

"When 'this or that' means man or woman, then I say the play is sometimes dangerous for the victim," he interrupted. "Perhaps I speak too feelingly. This is scarcely the place, nor is it yet time to enter on——"

"Come to the hotel," she said, not allowing him to finish his sentence. "When may I expect you!"

For a moment he seemed to hesitate, then said in a firm, low voice: "It was my intention to call on you this evening. I will do so."

He went on painting. I saw a flash of triumph leap into her eyes. Then she bowed and turned away. I rose from my dark corner, thinking to pass Horace unperceived. He had dropped his brush and stood gazing after Mrs. Dalyel, seemingly lost in thought—thought that was pleasurable, for he smiled.

"Don't run away like that, Lucy!" he cried, hurriedly catching at my dress as I brushed by. I dared not trust myself to speak, much less to remain, but shaking myself free from his detaining hand, I fled across the open space and up the wooden ladder, scared and breathless. There I turned, and looking down on the scene I had quitted, saw the sunshine gilding the broken columns, glistening in the waters of the bath, and Horace standing where I had left him with a bright smile on his lips. I pressed my hands before my eyes to shut out the sight, and, shivering, made my way back to the hotel.

Too miserable, too mystified, to dare to meet Mrs. Dalyel at lunch, I made an excuse to remain in my own room, but on joining her later, was struck with the change in her. Her cheeks were flushed, her beautiful eyes beamed with a new light in them. She looked handsomer than I had ever seen her. And I—I watched her with a pain at my heart that was new and strange to me. When the wretched dinner was over—which one of us could not touch for happiness, the other for very misery—I was about to leave the room, but Mrs. Dalyel called me to her, bidding me be seated on a low stool at her feet, my hand close clasped in hers. She said: "Lucy, my liking for you is no idle whim. I love you dearly. As a proof of this I have something to tell you that concerns you very closely. But first of all I shall make a confession to you that regards myself. You love me, child!" she asked, leaning over me.

For sole reply, I pressed my lips upon the hand I held, while she continued:

"When quite young I married Mr. Dalyel. My parents arranged the marriage according to the approved French custom. Six years ago my husband died, leaving me a large fortune, the bulk of which, however in the event of my making a second, marriage, goes to his only relative; a man of whom I know nothing, except that he disgraced himself in my husband's eyes by going into trade. The first year of my widowhood over, I went to Rome. When there I took a craze for art, studied for several months under one of the first artists, and became acquainted with a young man named Lorenzo, also studying in the same studio. He was many years younger than myself; very handsome, a charming companion, devoted to art, and very soon became equally—or perhaps rather more—devoted to me. Well, what would you! I encouraged him—as a pastime, of course—but never for one moment believed he was sufficiently infatuated and presumptuous to ask me to marry him. He not only asked me to be his wife, however, but seemed astounded by my refusal. I laughed at him, ridiculing to scorn a proposal from a man so young, unknown, and above all penniless. We parted in bitterest anger; for he was proud, high-spirited, passionate as myself. But as time went by, I found, too late, alas, that I loved this proud young artist, whom I had scorned in Rome—loved him with a love your girlish heart could not understand. I said 'too late;' I thought so then; but now, thank heaven, I have seen him once again. He is coming here to-night, and I will tell him ——" Bending over me once more, she kissed my forehead, speaking the last words in a whisper: "Can you guess, my child, what I will tell him!"

"That—you love him!"

"Yes!"

"But Mrs. Dalyel, forgive me, are you quite sure that he—that he still loves you!" I asked, trembling, surprised at my presumption; for, could anyone who had once loved her, fail to love her all his life!

"Do you suppose, Lucy, that having once loved me ——!"

Ha! It was an answer to my thoughts. She broke off suddenly; then continued in a different tone.

"After all, this is only leading, my child, to what I have to say. Your future, Lucy, is as interesting to me now as is my own. I have found a husband for you. The man to whom, if I marry again, my fortune goes is coming here. I have corresponded with him through my solicitor, and this letter, concerning the affair reached me to-day. I took it this morning to the Roman Bath, to read to you, but we missed each other somehow, and since then other thoughts have filled my mind. He says: 'I am ready to marry your protegee as soon as she will have me, and will call upon you on the evening of the day you receive this letter.' It is short and to the point. He has plenty of strong, good sense, this dear stockbroker cousin, you may be sure! My solicitor tells me he is not rich. Stock-broking has not flourished with him it seems. But with my fortune—mine that I shall forfeit to marry the man I love—you will make quite a grand match, my child. Stand up and let me look at you, little bride elect."

Mechanically, at her bidding, I stood up. What else was there for me but to obey!

"What a poor little trembling mouse it is! How white and scared you look. Oh, but you will be very happy with your stockbroker—far happier than painting pots and plates, my dear. He will be here to-night—and my lover too."

I was still standing in front of her and she was looking at me with her beautiful eyes and smiling red lips. I tried to speak but knew not what to say. In my agony, my right hand clutched a little cord about my throat. So strong was the grasp that the thread snapped suddenly, and a large medallion, till then concealed, fell to the ground at Mrs. Dalyel's feet. She saw at a glance it was a miniature of Horace, and looked at it closely as she took it in her hands, then from it to me.

"How came you by this!" she asked, in a tone in which pride was strangely mingled with surprise.

"Mrs. Dalyel, I painted it from memory."

"You! Is it possible you know Mr. Lorenzo! Why are you so slow in answering! Speak, Lucy."

"I knew him many years ago," I replied, in a voice I did not recognize as my own. "He lodged in our house. We were always poor, you know. He lodged with us in London before he went to Rome. I was a child then."

"But this is a picture of him as he is now. It is like, wonderfully like," she said, looking at it absently, then suddenly up at me. "But, child, child, why do you look like that! There is something more. Tell me, for heaven's sake tell me——" She caught my hands and held them so tightly that she hurt, while her eyes seemed to burn like fire into mine. "Tell me—what is this man—to you!"

"To me! To me!" I gasped, all the suppressed passion in me rising at her words: "Mrs. Dalyel, how can you suppose that he is any thing to me! Have you not said he is—your lover!"

And snatching my hand away, I fled swiftly to my room. On reaching my own little chamber I sat down at the toilet-table dazed and helpless. A long time must have passed for it was dark when some one knocked at my bed-room door. It was Mrs. Dalyel's maid.

"Will you please go to the sitting-room, Miss Vane," she said. And the next moment, without a pause for thought, I was turning the handle of that door.

The bright light dazzled me at first, but I was able to perceive that there were two persons in the room—Mrs. Dalyel and a gentleman. He had his face turned from me; he was partly hidden by the window-curtains.

Mrs. Dalyel rose. She was deadly pale; her lips compressed and bloodless; her head was thrown back proudly. She scarcely seemed to see me, but the look in her eyes was terrible.

"Lucy Vane," she said in a hard, set voice, out of which all the old music had departed: "I told you that I was interested in your welfare, and that, in accordance with the custom of my country, I was arranging a marriage for you. You are aware that my late husband's cousin is ready to marry you. He is here, and desires that I present him to you. Miss Vane—Mr. Horace Dalyel."

So saying, and drawing herself up to her full height, she swept proudly from the room. Horace! I started at the name, then raised my eyes to the man who, after she had pronounced his name—and not before—turned and came a few steps towards me. My heart gave a bound and then stood still at sight of him.

"Ah, what a charming little comedy this has been!" he exclaimed, laughing, as he came forward eagerly with outstretched hands; but I clasped mine behind me and drew back.

"Lucy, won't you speak to me till I explain! Well, then, my darling, sit down here while I tell you my story as short as I can make it, for I want to see you your own dear, smiling self again."

I sank mechanically into the chair he placed for me, and he continued:

"You know when I lodged with you that I was bent upon being an artist, but I did not tell you my real name, or that my cousin—many years my senior and my guardian—did all he could to dissuade me from my intention. I determined to be the master of my own destiny, however, and, without informing anyone except your father, I went to Rome and studied there under the name you know me by—Lorenzo. In order to enjoy my freedom to the fullest and to 'snap all links of habit,' I gave out that I had gone upon the Stock Exchange. It was a happy thought, for by that means I completely ostracised myself from my cousin and his set."

He paused a moment, then went on more rapidly:

"In Rome, many years afterwards, by a strange fatality, I encountered my cousin's widow, and I—I do not deny—fell desperately in love with her. She gave me every encouragement, and it did not appear to me presumptuous to believe her passion real, knowing as I did, that according to my cousin's will, if she married again, the bulk of her fortune would be mine. But she behaved infamously: refused me with the utmost arrogance, calling me adventurer, fortune hunter, I know not what; little thinking that a marriage with me was the sole way to keep her wealth, instead of forfeiting it. You may be sure I did not enlighten her on the point; but I swore to be revenged. A rare opportunity presented itself on discovering you to be her protegee. Another, still more unique, occurred when, a few days since, she wrote to her lawyer to negotiate a marriage between the poor, despised, plebeian stockbroker cousin and her dear protegee, Lucy Vane. The letter was forwarded to me here and I made a draft of the answer to be copied by the lawyer's clerk and re-inclosed to Mrs. Dalyel.

"Lucy, the little comedy is ended. The denouement came about most satisfactorily, and behold me, your true lover, here by Madame, my cousin's orders, to make love to you!"

He laughed out merrily, but stopping suddenly: "you scarcely seem to——understand!" he questioned, in an altered tone.

"You—you expect me to enjoy 'the little comedy'!" I asked with a half sob, which I in vain tried to suppress.

"Why not!" and he sought to take my hand.

"Because to me it is more tragedy than comedy," I answered, striving to brace every nerve to calmness, and succeeding to all outward show.

"We view the matter through different lights, it appears, Lucy. And it is hard—just a little hard on me, I think, to take it as you do. You are so utterly unlike your old dear self—is it Mrs. Dalyel's baneful influence! You know I strongly objected to this visit, but you were perfectly infatuated with the woman——"

"Mr. Dalyel, I must leave you. All is at an end between us," I said, getting up and going towards the door.

"But, Lucy, my own darling, this is simply madness! Whatever has come over you! You surely are satisfied that I do not love that woman!"

I can not argue. But I have my own reasons for assuring you that from now we must be strangers. Nothing that you can say will alter this determination. Please let me pass."

"Then you have no right to keep these reasons to yourself. It is the barest justice that you tell me what they are."

O, how could I! How could I, since he did not know, or sought to conceal from me, the fact that Mrs. Dalyel loved him!

"Mrs. Dalyel is so beautiful, so good——" I stammered.

"But, my dearest girl, when I tell you my heart is yours, and that I do not love Mrs. Dalyel!" A ray of light shone on the difficulty.

"Are you quite sure that I—love you!" I asked, crimsoning at the bare thought of the untruth I was about to act.

"Lucy, if you, laying your hand in mine and looking at me with your truthful eyes, can say: 'Horace, I do not love you,' I will believe you, and will give you up. Not otherwise, I swear."

"Then heaven pardon me, for you drive me to it," I exclaimed, in desperation. "Horace, I do not love you." I neither laid my hand in his, nor looked at him. I said the words clearly and firmly that were to part us forever, and before he had recovered from his consternation I had fled from the room. The ordeal was over. My sacrifice was made.

Mrs. Dalyel I did not see again until next morning. I was dressed ready for departure, my portmanteau on a cab before the door.

"Mrs. Dalyel," I said, falteringly, "I have come to wish you good-bye."

She turned and looked at me, her face cold and stern as it had been the night before. There was a scornful smile on her beautiful red lip.

"Where are you going!" she asked, coldly.

"To my old life. To the home in which you found me; and I shall have all I want—all that is good for me," I corrected, hurriedly.

"Go, then."

"Yes. But I can not go like this." Her coldness cut me to the heart. "Will you not kiss me first! I have loved you so!"

"I would as soon kiss an adder," she cried, her eyes blazing with anger. "Go, go; never let me see or hear of you again."

With a choking sensation in my throat I turned away. Pulling down my vail, I left the hotel and started on my sad and solitary journey back to town. How dreary looked my two small rooms in the dull, narrow street of Kensington, despite the warm welcome of the kind, motherly woman with whom I lodged! But I was determined not to repine. I must accept my life as it was and make the best of it. Besides, had I not still my art! So I set about putting my little studio in order, taking from where I had stowed them, my bits of china, my tapestry, my specimens of painted glass. This done, I sat myself down to paint a plaque. But alas, my hand seemed to have lost its cunning, my eyes their sense of color. Ah, how I have laughed since at the sorry sight that unlucky plaque presents, for I continued to paint at it long after it was too dark to see. And then—and then, I suppose, I dropped asleep.

"Thank heaven, you are awake at last!" a well-known, much-loved voice exclaimed.

I had lifted my head from the table on which it had been resting, rubbed my eyes and began to look about me. The gas was lighted. Was it a dream that Horace stood before me!

"I followed you from Bath by the next train," he went on, excitedly. "And now tell me, Lucy, tell me that you did *not* mean what you said to me last night."

"I *did* mean it. I can never, never marry you," I answered, recovering myself. I knew now it was no dream; but that Horace was really there demanding—as he undoubtedly had a right to do—an explanation of my conduct.

"Why can not you marry me!"

"Because——" O, how could I explain!

"I *know* you love me, Lucy."

"This is cruel, wicked of you!" I cried, turning away my face.

"And loving me—knowing also that I love you—it is cruel, wicked of *you*," he continued, using my own words, "to doom us both to misery for no reason that I can understand. If you persist in refusing to have any thing to say to me, pray who will be the gainer!"

"Mrs. Dalyel."

"Great heavens, child! Do you imagine that she is at last in love with me! I confess I had not thought of that!"

"Then do think of it Horace. You have met again. It is—it *is*—quite possible.

"This is indeed too rich a joke. What then!"

"She has been so good to me—so good! It would be such base ingratitude——"

"Ah, now I begin to see! You would sacrifice your happiness to a Quixotic fancy. But in that case, Lucy, you should take care to be the only sufferer. You have no right to spoil my life, too."

"But would it spoil yours! Suppose she loved you and was ready to marry you to-morrow!"

"I would not have her if there were not another woman in the world! I love you, Lucy, and you only. Come, sweetheart, put all these far-fetched ideas of gratitude aside. Unsay the cruel words you spoke last night. Tell me that——" He paused; we stood close together now. He caught my hand and pressed it unhindered to his lips.

"I love you, Horace," I whispered, "and decided wrongly. O, can you ever forgive me!"

He did forgive me; but Mrs. Dalyel did not. I have never seen her since that—to me—most wretched day at Bath. She has a new "craze" now, I hear, and I am glad of it, because I believe if she has that she is happy. Dressed in sable garments, covered by a long dark cloak, she goes at night to visit amongst the London poor, there, with a generous hand, ministering to their needs. They look upon her as an angel of mercy, and her name is blessed by the miserable and the afflicted. Am I then right in calling it "a craze!" Is it not rather that her heart has softened, and that what must have been a real trouble to her has opened it to Paradise!

I have married Horace, and am happier than I had thought it possible to be here below. I realize now how wrong I should have been had I given him up forever, and so spoilt and, perhaps, wrecked two human lives. I have never seen Mrs. Dalyel since that fatal day at Bath, but something whispers to me that the hour is not far distant when we shall meet once more and she will restore to me all the affection so freely lavished upon me in the days gone by.—*E. M. Davy, in The Argosy.*

WILLOWS FOR FUEL.

The Promising Experiment Made by a Western Iowa Farmer.

A few weeks ago I put out 1,500 willow cuttings on the shoulder side or space between the ridge of a machine made ditch, 230 yards long, plowed out last spring, and it is expected that they will grow one-third faster, and as much larger, in six or seven years, than they would in high and dry soils.

In this State, and others of the Northwest, there are a large number of bogs or sloughs—narrow and awkwardly formed parcels of marsh land—which are most of them quite wet several weeks in spring, producing only, a profusion of large weeds and coarse grasses that are not suitable for grazing or hay. Scores of miles of ditches were plowed through these scattered and numerous sloughs last spring, cutting many of them in two lengthwise.

In my own case, there are only two sloughs, varying from four to a dozen or sixteen rods in width, and the ditch and its excavated bank will make an earth basis for a good and necessary fence. As this willow grows so freely on moist land, both here and in England, I have decided—if I survive till next spring—to set out strong willow cuttings, 15 to 20 inches long, on enough of the moist, narrow strips of marsh land to raise wood lots for fuel for one or two small farms.

There was temporary doubt at first about preventing the newly set cuttings from being shaded and smothered by the rank growth of natural grass and weeds produced on this slough soil. But on consideration it is found that mulching with coarse manure, old straw, etc., will keep the grass and weeds down, and allow the willows to grow up and get a tall start in the first two seasons, without check.

The width apart of these wood-lot willow rows may be from 6 to 10 feet, and the distance between the set cuttings in the rows from 2 to 4 feet, according to size of cutting, depth of soil, etc., the greater width between the rows being to admit teams and wagons or sleighs in drawing wood for fuel six or seven years hence. If the rows average 8 feet between, this will be four rows to the rod; and as, when seven years grown, 2½ rods in length of a single row will supply a cord of willow wood for fuel, a single row of 40 rods each in length, will probably supply sixteen cords of home-raised willow wood fuel—enough to serve a large farm-house for six months with fire-wood; and only ten such rows, 40 rods each in length will supply fuel permanently for a century, if fire is kept out of the plantation and reasonable care is exercised in cutting the poles off smoothly.—*J. W. Clarke, in Country Gentleman.*

—Doughnuts: One cup of sour milk, one cup of sugar, one egg, one even teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a little salt and nutmeg. Mix soft.—*The Caterer.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Friends (Quakers) in England are decreasing in numbers quite rapidly.

—Twenty-three of Yale's graduating class worked their way through the course.

—The University of Southern California partitions itself, and has college departments in six towns.

—The largest Protestant Sunday-school in Philadelphia is the Bethany Presbyterian with 2,456 scholars.

—Dr. Newman Hall has nineteen Sunday-schools in connection with his church in London, in which there are 5,600 pupils.

—It is estimated that the total cost of the new Roman Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart, Montmarte, Paris, will be 26,000,000 francs, or £1,040,000.

—Eighteen of the fifty-seven surviving members of President Dwight's Yale class of 1849 were present at his inauguration. The class numbered ninety-four at graduation.—*Hartford Post.*

—Prof. Peabody in a sermon at Harvard University suggests the danger that "athletic culture" be carried "beyond the needs of a liberal education" and sometimes to a "perilous extreme."

—A missionary in India sends home a strong protest against church lotteries, husking-bees, raffles and all similar devices for raising money. He fears lest the heathen hear that such methods are used by some Christian churches, and and denounce them as discreditable to any religion.—*Christian Union.*

—The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South took strong ground upon the subject of divorce. Ministers of that church are forbidden to solemnize marriage between divorced persons while both parties to the divorce are still living, except in cases where there was Scriptural reason for granting the divorce. —*N. Y. Times.*

—The "Gospel wagon," which the Central Union Mission of Washington is using, commends itself as being the outcome of practical common sense. It is an ordinary omnibus, and contains a cabinet organ, a good choir and several speakers. Every Sunday afternoon it is driven to regions where the inhabitants do not often hear the Gospel preached and religious services of an interesting character are held.—*Washington Post.*

—Colonel D. B. Sickels, formerly the representative of the United States in Siam, has received from Bangkok a letter which says: "His Majesty is so well pleased with the results of the system of public education for males, which was established a few years ago at your suggestion, that he has decided to establish a school in this city for the instruction of the native women, and it is probable that a prominent missionary lady will be placed at the head of the institution."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—The superintendent of the Buffalo schools at a recent commencement said: "Our common school system should be shaped so as to best serve the needs of the industrial masses. The training of the mind should go hand in hand with that of the body to develop healthy and favorable conditions of both, and to better fit graduates for life's duties. To this end educators are looking ahead to the time when Buffalo will catch the popular spirit of progress that is giving prominence to several sister cities in this direction, and furnish the higher grades an opportunity to receive elementary training of an industrial character."—*Buffalo Express.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—People open their hearts and expand when they marry. At a wedding they should not be called the contracting parties.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—There are many people who know enough to stir up contentions that don't know enough to keep out of them.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Much of the world is prejudiced against facts, because facts stick to the text and don't go out of the way to concoct a palatable medium for the world's own genteel taste and wise opinions.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Chicago Life.—"Say, bub, is that your mother sitting on the front steps?" "Naw; that's the hired girl, Jenny." "Can I see your mother?" "Easy 'nough; go round to the kitchen door." —*Chicago News.*

—It is said that much suffering is caused an animal by defective shoeing. This will be readily understood by noticing a woman shoo a hen. The poor bird does not know which way to go.—*Boston Post.*

—Little boy (looking up from a newspaper)—"Uncle, what is the 'The Great Woman Question' that the papers say so much about?" Uncle, (who is a cynical old bachelor)—"The great woman question, did you say? I suppose it is, 'What did she have on?'"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Physician (with his ear to patient's chest): "There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once." Patient, (anxiously): "That 'swelling' is my pocket-book, doctor, please don't reduce it too much"

—Customer (in barber's chair)—"Were you ever a butcher?" Barber—"No, sir. But my fadder vas a butcher by dot Vashington market. He vas a good butcher." Customer—"You have inherited his talent. Only once over, please.—*Life.*

—The Most Important Commandment.—Sunday-school Teacher—"Can any one of you little boys tell me which of the commandments is the most important to keep?" Little Johnny (whose father is an editor)—"I can, sir." "What commandment is it, Johnny?" Johnny—"Take your home paper!"—*Texas Siftings.*

—Bebe is given two oranges because she has behaved well. "Come," said her mother, "don't be greedy. Give one of them to your little brother." Bebe, with very good grace, holds out the fruit to her brother. "You may choose," said she, "but don't take the biggest one."—*Chicago Journal.*

—A young man, recently married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some question frankly and fully every morning. The first question happened to be "whether a woman could be expected to get along without a hat." He took the affirmative; and when last seen he had climbed into a hayloft and was pulling the ladder after him.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Overheard at the races: "Aw, Miss Dwesser, I'm surpwised to see you heah aftah declining my invitation to come down in my dwag." "Well, Mr. Doode, I should have liked to have come with you but I didn't have a dress that would match the yellow wheels of your drag." "O, then, of cawse you couldn't accept. It would have shocked me tewibly if you had."—*Rambler.*

TEMPERANCE.

GROWING.

A Temperance Song.

How do pinks and roses grow?
Is it whisky, do you know,
Sprinkled over them each day,
Makes them bloom so fresh and gay?
No, no; let me tell you, no;
Water makes the flowers grow;
Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter;
So the fresh and cooling water
Wets the leaves and roots, and lo!
This is how the flowers grow.

How do the grapes and apples grow?
Do they all nice juices owe
To champagne and beer and ale,
Showering down on hill and vale?
No, no; let me tell you, no;
Water makes the sweet fruits grow;
Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter;
So the fresh and cooling water
Wets the vines and trees, and lo!
This is how the sweet fruits grow.

How do little birdies grow,
Flying, singing, chirping so?
Are they fed with wine and rum
In their dainty nesting-home?
No, no; let me tell you, no;
Water makes the birdies grow;
Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter;
So the fresh and cooling water
Wets their tiny beaks, and lo!
This is how the birdies grow.

How do little children grow?
Not by drinking rum, I know;
Brandy, cider, wine and beer
Never make them strong and fair.
No, no; let me tell you, no;
Water makes the children grow;
Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter;
Fountains fill and flow with water;
See, they bathe and drink, and lo!
This is how the children grow.

—*Baptist Weekly.*

OPINIONS OF SCIENCE.

Conclusions of Men of Observation and Experience, as Compiled by the "XVIth Amendment."

I have acted on the principle of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors during more than twenty years. My opinion is that the most severe labors or privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulants.—*Dr. Livingstone.*

We are of the opinion that the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage is productive of a large amount of physical and mental disease; that it entails diseased appetites and enfeebled constitution upon offspring; and that it is the cause of a large percentage of the crime and pauperism of our large cities and country.—*Medical Association of the United States, Detroit, 1874.*

Most of the leading manufacturers have made strictly temperate habits an indispensable pre-requisite to employment, and the least departure therefrom a sufficient pretext for immediate dismissal. * * * What our Legislatures permit, that our manufacturing and industrial institutions, in order to protect themselves from ruin, are compelled to positively prohibited.—*A. M. Collins, M. D.*

Alcohol can not, in any sense, be considered a necessity for the maintenance of healthy life. It is not a food in any true and practical sense of that term. Labor of the severest kind, mental and bodily, can be carried on without it, and the steadiest and best work is best done without it.—*British Medical Temperance Association in 1880.*

I am convinced that a much larger amount of mental and bodily labor can be performed by those who abstain altogether from alcoholic drinks—a fact established by the recent experiments in casting the Lancaster shot in Woolwich Arsenal, where none could endure the requisite fatigue but total abstainers.—*Dr. Conquest.*

Your memorialists have no doubt that the rumor of a plague, or any other pestilential disorder which might sweep away thousands of their fellow-citizen, would produce the most vigorous and effective measures in our Government to prevent or subdue it. Your memorialists can see no just cause why the more certain and extensive ravages of distilled spirits upon life should not be guarded against with corresponding vigilance and exertion by the present rulers of the United States.—*College of Physicians of Philadelphia to Congress, in 1790.*

We can prove with mathematical certainty that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife is more nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian beer; that a person who is able daily to consume that amount of beer, obtains from it in a whole year, in the most favorable case, exactly the amount of nutritive constituent which is contained in a five pound loaf, or in three pounds of flesh.—*Baron Liebig.*

Sir Astley Cooper, referring to his experience in Guy's Hospital, declared that the beer-drinkers from the London breweries, though presenting the appearance of the most rugged health, were the most incapable of all classes to resist disease—that trifling injuries among them were liable to lead to the most serious consequences, and that so prone were they to succumb to disease that they would sometimes die from gangrene in wounds as trifling as the scratch of a pin.—*Pacific Medical Journal.*

I have the evidence of my own personal experience, and the experience of the enormous numbers of people who pass before me every year; and I state that alcohol is not a helper of work, but a certain hinderer of work; and every man who comes to the front of a profession in London is marked by this one characteristic, that the more busy he gets, the less in shape of alcohol he takes; and his excuse is: "I am sorry, but I can not take it and do my work."—*Dr. Andrew Clark, one of the physicians to her Majesty, the Queen.*

I protest against the notion so prevalent and so industriously urged, that beer is harmless, and a desirable substitute for the more concentrated liquors. What beer may be, and what it may do in other countries and climates, I do not know from observation. That in this country and climate its use is an evil only less that the use of whisky, if less on the whole, and that its effect if only longer delayed, not so immediately and obviously bad, its incidents not so repulsive, but destructive in the end, I have seen abundant proof.—*Colonel Greene, President Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.*

Careful observation leaves little doubt that a moderate dose of beer or wine would in most cases at once diminish the maximum weight which a healthy person could lift. Mental acuteness, accuracy of perception, and delicacy of the senses are all so far opposed by alcohol, that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the ingestion of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid. A single glass will often suffice to take the edge off both mind and body, and to reduce their capacity to something below their perfection of work.—*Dr. W. Brinton.*

We believe that the hereditary evils of beer-drinking exceed those proceeding from ardent spirits. First, because the habit is constant and without paroxysmal interruptions which admit of some recuperation; second, because beer-drinking is practiced by both sexes more generally than spirit drinking, and third, because the animalizing tendency of the habit is more uniformly developed, thus authorizing the presumption that the vicious results are more generally transmitted.—*Pacific Medical Journal, indorsed by the Home Life Ins. Co.*

We are of opinion 1. That a very large proportion of human misery, including poverty, disease and crime is induced by the use of alcoholic or fermented liquors as a beverage. 2. That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, etc. 3. That persons accustomed to such drinks may with perfect safety discontinue them entirely, either at once, or gradually after a short time. 4. That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic beverages of all sorts would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity and happiness of the human race.—*2,000 Physicians of Great Britain.*

We unite in the declaration that we believe alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs; that when prescribed medicinally it should be with conscientious caution and a sense of grave responsibility. We are of the opinion that the use of alcoholic liquor as a beverage is productive of a large amount of physical disease; that it entails diseased appetites upon offspring, and that it is the cause of a large percentage of the crime of our cities and country. We would welcome any judicious and effective legislation—State and National—which should seek to confine the traffic in alcohol to the legitimate purposes of medical and other sciences, art and mechanism.—*200 physicians of New York and Brooklyn.*

Of all the intoxicating drinks it [beer] is the most animalizing. It dulls the intellectual and moral, and feeds the sensual and beastly nature. Beyond all other drinks, it qualifies for deliberate and unprovoked crimes. In this respect it is much worse than distilled liquors. A whisky-drinker will commit murder only under the direct excitement of liquor,—a beer-drinker is capable of doing it in cold blood. Long observation has assured us that a large proportion of murders, deliberately planned and executed without passion or malice, with no more motive than the acquisition of property or money, often of trifling value, are perpetrated by beer-drinkers.—*Pacific Medical Journal, indorsed by Home Life Ins. Co.*

The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs. * * * Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable, and more generally diseased. It is our observation that beer-drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer-drinkers. Recourse to beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality.—*Scientific American.*

THE RUM TRAFFIC.

Not Only a Useless Occupation, but a Curse to Humanity.

The rum traffic stands alone. It ministers to vice, to crime, to misery and suffering. It is a monster vampire, sucking the life-blood out of the body politic. It is not only useless; it is a curse to humanity. There is not another human occupation of which this can truthfully be said.

That the rum traffic is pursued for gain is the only thing it has in common with the other pursuits among which it seeks to enroll itself. But its profits are not legitimate ones. They are not a proper percentage paid by the community for the conveniences which it may afford, as are the profits received by the grocer, or butcher, or baker, or dry-goods merchant. It is money wrongfully taken. It belongs to wives, to children. It should be spent for food, for clothing, for fuel, for furniture, for books, instead of going into the pockets of a saloon-keeper.

But the great evil of the saloon is, that it is constantly educating the rising generation in the drink habit. Wherever a young man may go during his hours of leisure, the saloon stands with open doors, inviting him within. He can there find companionship, if he be a stranger in the city; he can find a resort from the loneliness of his surroundings when not engaged in his daily avocation. He may not care about drinking, but his pride will not allow him to be a visitor in the saloon without paying his footing; he drinks because some one asks him to, and he drinks again in order that he may invite that person, and not remain under obligation. "The descent to Avernus is easy," wrote the Roman poet, and the truth of the adage is proved tens of thousands of times every year in the United States alone, in just such cases as the typical one we are considering. There is no appetite so easily acquired as that for rum; there is none more deadly, and more difficult to conquer, even in its earlier stages. Three months of indulgence will fix it on the vast majority of men; and the number of those who shake themselves free from its enthrallment is mournfully small. With some the downward road is very steep, and very quickly traversed; with others the path is much longer, but it is inevitably downward, like the other, and the end of the journey is the same in every case.—*Toledo Blade.*

It is not surprising that the people of Massachusetts see the necessity of a Temperance revival, when a leading religious journal can say of their chief city: "Boston, which has had laudable pride for its schools, now has seven liquor-saloons for every school, eight liquor-sellers, for every teacher, and spends annually $9,000,000 more for its liquors than for its schools. It has one church to every 1,756 persons, one preacher to every 878 persons, but one liquor-saloon for every thirty-six persons."

The Liquor Business Liability bill reported in the Massachusetts Legislature recently is a noteworthy departure from customary lines of liquor legislation. It proposes to make all the parties profiting by the traffic, from the seller to the real estate owner, jointly and severally liable for some of its deplorable consequences. An action is authorized against either or all of these parties for the recovery of damages, not to exceed $5,000, for the loss of life through intoxication.—*N. Y. Post.*